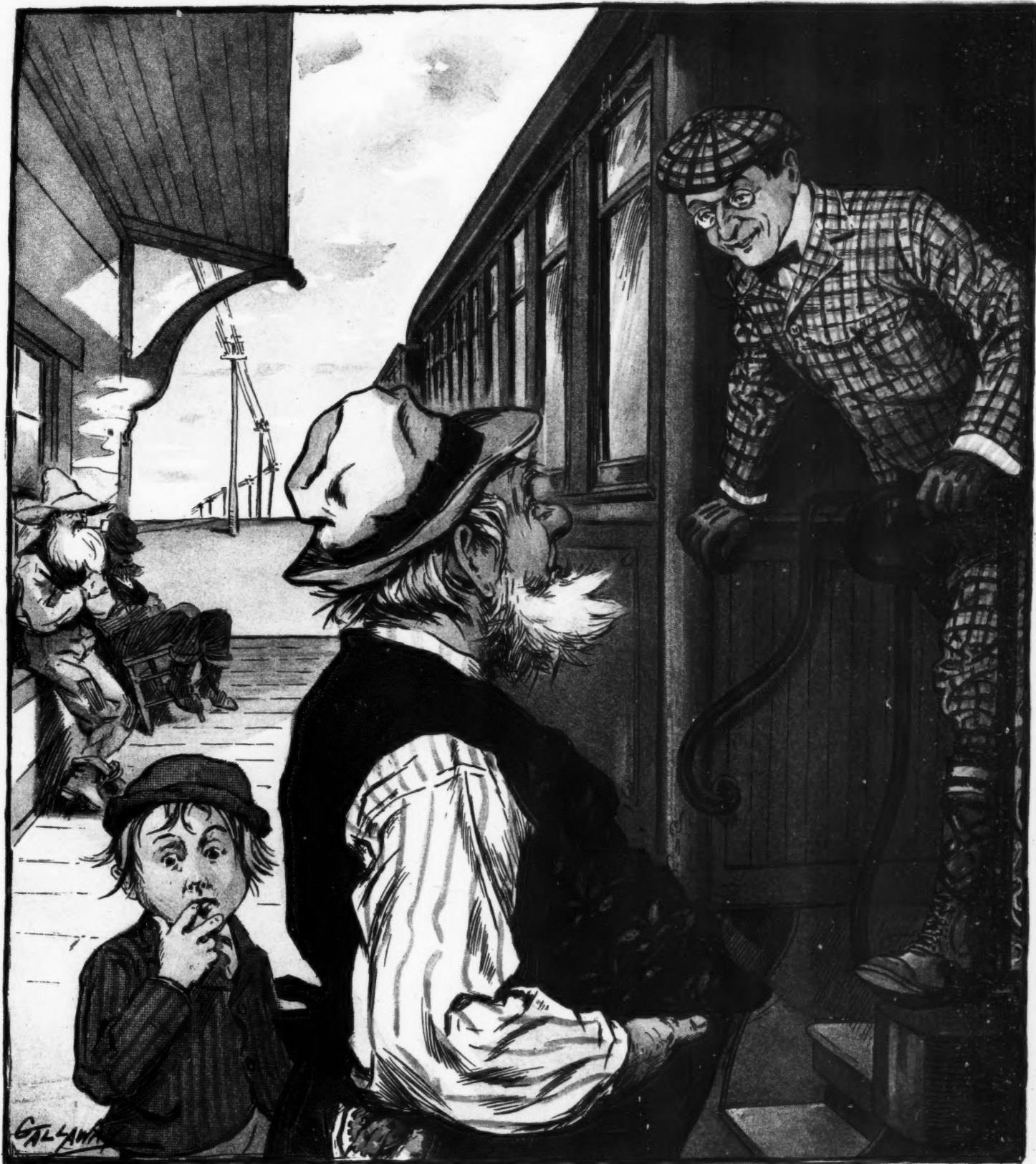


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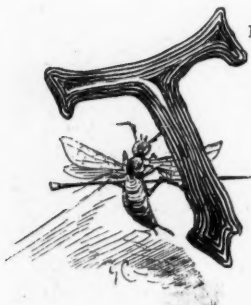
THE TOURIST. — Rather quiet here, is n't it?
LEADING CITIZEN (of Restville). — Quiet? — why, say, even the unexpected don't happen here!



UNCERTAIN.

"My! Has she got a stiddy?"
 "Yer can't tell. I've been escorted home by half a dozen fellers wit' umbrellers, an' dere intentions was not serious."

THE SUMMER VACATION.



THE PERSON who tries to take up the whole car seat generally ends by sitting next to the window on the sunny side with a two-hundred-pound woman.

Grumbling because front second-story rooms are not available at third-story back room prices does not make the straw mattress any softer.

A ten-cent tip will do more to make the beefsteak tender than a week of complaints at the office.

Flirting with the Summer Girl will do all right until the Saturday afternoon beau arrives, and then there must be a recess. For steady company try the widow.

Inquire not too closely into the fresh country vegetables when they are canned. Instead of that, stroll out into the air and work up an appetite.

Believe implicitly the man who tells you he got a thousand dollars a share for his Northern Pacific stock. He may treat to cigars.

Always play progressive euchre. It gives a standing with the

old ladies and it affords a preliminary training for the worst possibilities of the future life.

Beware of the delicate young woman who wants to take a little stroll through the hills. She can walk all day and pass every ice cream place in the county.

If at the seaside, always take the fattest of the fair sex bathing. At the very worst that may happen she will float.

Don't speak to the proprietor of expected checks or coming remittances. He has troubles of his own, and it makes him more weary. Only the hard, ready, immediate and abundant cash talks to his hardened soul.

Then, after it is all over, don't grumble because you have spent your year's savings, but go home and rest up from your labors—and don't waste any time writing letters to the widow.

Silas Jones.

TAXING CREDULITY.

FIRST POPULIST.—I don't b'lieve this.

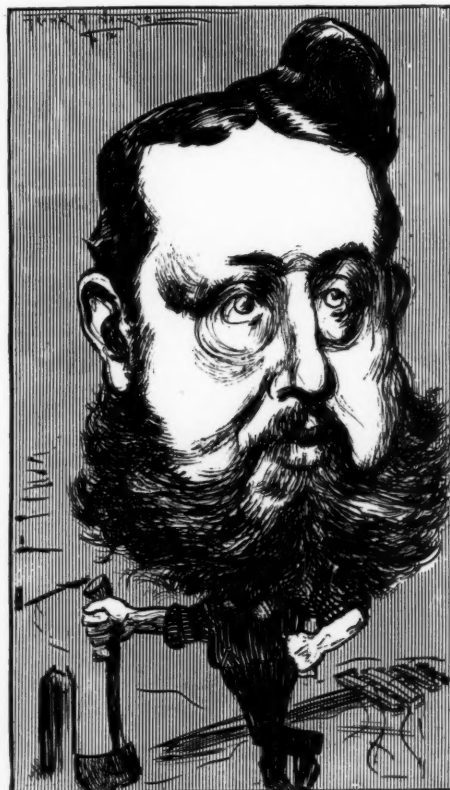
SECOND POPULIST.—What?

FIRST POPULIST.—Why, this here paper has a rumor that J. P. Morgan is organizin' a syndicate to corner the market for postage stamps.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

"It was this-a-way," said the loquacious landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Arkansas.

"A feller killed his sweetheart and confessed that he done it 'for love;' and the next night a gang of prominent citizens sorter took him out and shot him all to pieces, just for fun."



PUCKOGRAPHS.—No. 110.

AN EX-MAYOR WHO DID A FEW GOOD THINGS.

THEY WILL BE HAPPY.

"There will be no Jingos in the Millennium."

"Perhaps there will. They may spend their time telling how they would whip all creation if it was n't for the Millennium."

IF THAT open door in China is not allowed to remain open, somebody's fingers may be caught in the jamb.



HAWLEY'S DOG.

HAWLEY'S DOG lived downstairs. He occupied the whole house and held a controlling interest in the entire block. Mrs. Hawley said he was "sweet." Hawley thought the dog was good enough to sit at the table with them. I believe he was.

I try to think well of my neighbors, but am a trifle puritanical. I feared, the first time I saw him, that Hawley's dog was not pure. But he was very intelligent. He never played golf. He merely played the limit. His voice was falsetto. His color was contralto. His activity was greater than his grace. I do not think he was a praying dog. But I prayed—about him—every night.

Did you ever pray for rain, or death?

Hawley's dog had had a busy day. My wife's plants were masticated, her flower-pots annihilated and her feelings lacerated. There were underground tunnels in the backyard, there was loam on the stairs, and there was blood on the moon. The air for blocks had been rent and fractured with sound waves.

The dog had escaped the police four times and death all day. Death probably was chasing him, judging by the speed he had acquired when he ran into my young son just before I reached home at the end of the day. A rock intended for the dog struck my wife when she went out to pick up my son. I try to be a calm man. I mused, as calmly as the presence of Hawley's dog in the neighborhood would allow, on the events of the day and the status of the dog. I thought it all out. I decided that the dog was not only impure and unbeautiful, but superfluous. But I knew he was an intelligent dog. This intelligence was remarkable. I feared it. I anticipated that even the gentlest remonstrance with Hawley's dog might implicate me in manslaughter.

He was a tricky dog—"Darling and Diplomatic," Mrs. Hawley called him. It was related of him that on one occasion, when a neighbor in the next yard had presented him with a beefsteak with strychnine tenderly enswabbed in the juiciest portion, the dog straightway had carried it across the yard and presented it to the dog on the other side—an especial enemy of his on account of his modest ways.

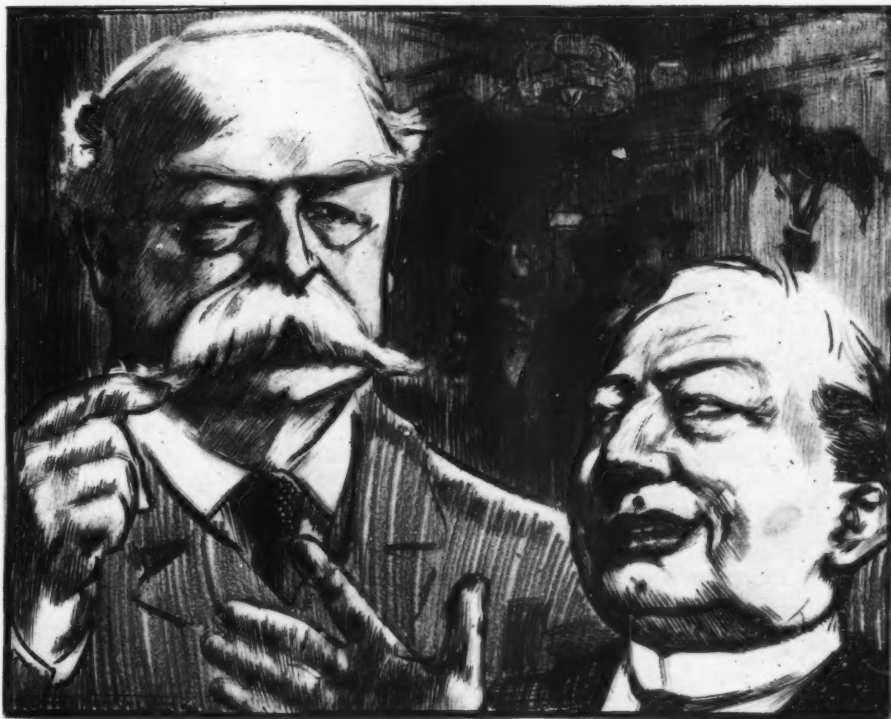
Hawley's dog was immodest. Nothing was pure to him except deviltry and logic. He laughed at sacred things. You could hear him in the middle of the night, often.

As I have said, I mused about Hawley's dog. He was chasing a cat up our back stairs and had just knocked a pudding off the shelf in the back entry by the sheer force of his velocity, when a happy idea struck me.

"Mary, I've got it!" I said.

"I've got um; Hawley's dog is responsible," she replied, somewhat bitterly, I thought.

I opened our door and whistled for Hawley's dog. He happened not to be busy at the moment



OF TWO EVILS, CHOOSE THE LESSER.

DUSNAP.—You'll be sorry some day that you did n't get married, if you don't.

BERTWHISTLE.—Well, I'd rather 'not be married and be sorry I was n't, than be married and be sorry I was!

and came. I believe he had only recently returned then from having a drink or two at Grogan's, but he was reasonably sober.

And so supremely intellectual. Most intelligent dog I ever knew. It takes brains to be a successful villain. "Cyclone," I said, (that was the dog's name,) "I am going to have a drink;—will you join me?" And I poured out a bowl of rich meaty soup for him and added a dash of whiskey, also a few drops of prussic acid.

The dog looked at me, opened his mouth wide, and laughed.

"Not by a damsite!" he said. "No knock-out-drops fer me!"

You can judge if I was annoyed. "Mary," I cried, "this dog talks!"

"No," she answered, wearily; "but he swallowed Mrs. Grogan's parrot this afternoon."

We have moved.

F. L.



SAME OLD LINE.

FARMER BROWN.—Is Mrs. Whiffletree going tew take in Summer boarders this year, same ez usual?

FARMER GREENE.—I reckon she are! She jess came in and ordered two new can-openers!

REASON.

"You low and low the livelong day!"

Exclaimed the Lamb.

"Now, why?"

"Alas!" replied the homeless Calf,

"I have no place to hie!"

"No," said the Fox, as he looked up at the grapes; "they may not be sour. But," he continued, judiciously, "I see no reason why one should invite an attack of appendicitis."

PUCK

FROM THE "DAILY SPIRE."

THE *Spire* is published daily for the convenience of tenants in the Highestuppe Apartment House. The carpet on the tenth-story landing needs the Janitor's attention. A tack in time saves nine. A pink tea will be given at five o'clock to-morrow afternoon in the apartments of Mrs. Skitop. A new game will be introduced. Each guest will be allowed two minutes at an open window and the lady who can jot down from memory, afterward, the greatest number of articles seen on the roof next door will receive a skeleton key as a prize.

Old Mr. Smith, who weighs 298 pounds, was obliged to spend last night at a hotel. Our elevator was out of order and Mr. Smith lives on the thirteenth floor. 'Nough said.

Young Mr. Ofderoof has had his kitchen closet fitted up as a bedroom for himself. His wife's mother is here on a long visit.

Will the Janitor please answer Mrs. Shaft's ring of last Thursday? She is in a hurry.

A theatre party has been made up of Highestuppe people for next Monday evening. The merry throng will leave the top floor at 6:25 o'clock.

The Janitor wishes to announce that after June 15 there will be a plentiful supply of heat in all apartments.

The Highestuppe Athletic Club will meet to-night on the roof. Horizontal bars have been erected between the chimneys and a pleasant evening may be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Newpop's dining-room was crowded last evening. Mr. Newpop's brother dropped in to tea.

The Women's Outing Coterie will leave the fifteenth floor promptly at two o'clock to-morrow on a practice trip down the fire-escape.

Harry Hamilton.



TRIED IT INTERNALLY.

THE MONKEY.—Gracious! You're getting awfully fat. Have you tried the bicycle?

THE OSTRICH.—Oh, yes!—all of it except the the rims. I don't care for wood, you know.



IN KENTUCKY.

"I heard that the feud between the Sprigginses an' the Mugginses had been settled."

"You don't say? Which side was wiped out?"

JUDGING BY THEIR APPEARANCE.

"There go the Capstons. They are worth a lot."

"Indeed! How many months have they had it?"

SUBSTANTIALLY BENEFITED.

FRIEND.—Can you cite a case where a person has been actually benefited by osteopathy?

INVALID (*grimly*).—Well, there's my doctor. I have had to pay him five bones for every treatment!

AS TO THE SUMMER GIRL.

"She ought to spend a few minutes in the water for the sake of appearance."

"Nonsense! A few minutes in the water would spoil her appearance."

WHAT HE WANTED IT FOR.

LITTLE IKEY (*who has been reading*).—Gee! Fader, how I'd like ter own a fife-t'ousandt-tollar dog.

GRABALLSKI.—Mein Gott! Vot an egstravagant notion! Vot for you would vant such a costly animal?

LITTLE IKEY.—For sale!

AN EXPLODED TRADITION.

UNCLE JOSH.—I b'lieve the Circassian women are about as fine-lookin' as any in the hull world.

UNCLE SILAS.—Well, that's what I used to think before I tuk in a few dime museums.

SUBURBAN LIFE EXPOSED.

MRS. HERMITAGE (*of Lonelyville*).—The doorbell was rung nearly seventy-five times to-day while you were away, Mortimer; but as I did not have any cook in the house I was afraid to go to the door.

HERMITAGE.—Well?

MRS. HERMITAGE.—Well, I guess they must be going to give another of those fifty-cents-a-seat entertainments at the fire-engine house or the school-house.



PUCK



TAKING NO PART IN THE SPORT.

THE ANGRY RURALITE.—Yew loafer, yew! Did n't yew see that thar sign?
THE TRAMP (who has n't had a bite).—Yes; but I guess de fish seen it first!

THE IGNORAMUS.

AMONG his college rivals all
A man of mark was he—
And now may taper off his scrawl
With many a wise degree.
"Cum laude" was he high enrolled
The day he graduated,
And yet—and yet—I hear it told
That he is overrated.

The very simplest things he seems
Unable to make clear—
He can not tell who sends the dreams!
Or if a tree can hear!
And why the rivers flow and flow,
And why so salt the ocean,
And how it's kept just full, I trow.
He has n't got a notion!

He does not even know the stars
Are God's electric lights!
Or comets are but angels' cars
From point to point, o' nights!
Or why the clouds can float about
Although with water brimming!
Or why the sun does not go out
For lack of oil and trimming!

And how the moon got in the sky!
And what if it should drop!
And who made God, himself! And why
Our whirling does n't stop!
And why, tho' stems and leaves are green,
Yet red and white the roses!
And other matters which, serene,
A boy of nine proposes.

Edwin L. Sabin.

AN INQUIRY.

SUBURBANITE.—Pushington was one of the
most successful men we ever had in our place.

CITY FRIEND.—Yes? Succeeded in selling
out, did he?



THE LAST STRAW.

MRS. NEWLYWED (reading).—Do you know how lobsters are caught, John?
MR. NEWLYWED.—Come, come, Mary! Don't rub it in!

HIS OBJECTION.

"**I** SEE," said the First Citizen, "that some further legislation is demanded to purify the primaries. It's a good idea, too! We need primary reform."
 "I don't know," said the Second Citizen, shaking his head, doubtfully. "I don't know."
 "What is the objection?"

"I'm afraid it is merely a device to get respectable citizens to attend the primaries."

"Well, would n't that be a good thing?"

"I doubt it. I knew a respectable citizen who attended a primary and he bears a deep scar over his left eyebrow to this day. I knew another respectable citizen who attended a primary and he was fined ten dollars because a ward-heeler blackened his eye and a police justice concluded from his appearance that he had been drunk and disorderly. He had been a sober and reputable man up to that time, but his experience on that occasion drove him to drink. I knew another respectable citizen who attended a primary and he was in a hospital two months."

"No, sir! I am against any legislation which will get respectable citizens into trouble like that, resulting, in many cases, in rendering them physically unable to go to the polls on Election Day. Our respectable citizens are the hope of the Republic and we must not expose them to danger. No primary reform for me!"

Wm. E. McKenna.



A CASE IN POINT.

"Quite comfortable, is n't he?"
 "Very. Once in a while the pursuit of happiness does n't seem absolutely hopeless."

MILLENNIUM.

The Lion looked his meltingest.
 "Of course, we shall lie down together?" quoth he.
 "Bah!" said the Lamb.
 And at this the Lion simply roared.

IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

"In the Spring," said the Lady Constance, "I shall have the castle thoroughly renovated and fitted up with secret passages."

"Why secret passages?" inquired Sir Guy de Swashbucklere.
 "I trow we shall have no need of secret passages!"

"I wot we shall not," replied the Lady Constance.
 "But what of that? I am told that secret passages in castles are to be all the rage!"

A NEW SERVANT sweeps clean, unless you live further out than she has been led to suppose.

EARLY TO BED and early to rise might make a man healthy, wealthy and wise if he kept it up long enough, but he is soon wise enough to quit it if he can.



WILLING TO WAIT.

MAMA.—You'll be good until I come back, won't you?
 ETHEL.—Can I be bad then, Mama?

MENTAL REPOSE.

THE FARMER.—I s'pose you spend three or four dollars on the trip an' ketch fifteen cents wuth of fish.

THE FISHERMAN.—But it rests der mind! It's a good t'ing vunce in a vile to haf an ogupation vere you know you can't make no moneysh!

THE TWO PERIODS.

"After all," said the Old Codger, in his usual acrid way, "I kinder think that, instead of there bein' seven ages of man, as Shakspeare contended, there are only two—before he is married, and afterwards. During the first period he puts in the most of his time trying to make the lady think he is a devil of a feller; and during the second, he spends still more of it in endeavorin' to convince her that he ain't."

WHEN GREATNESS begins to call attention to itself we begin to suspect that it is not It.

THE AVERAGE boy will imitate the hero of his favorite novel up to the point of tightening his belt to appease his hunger.



PUCK

PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE PRESIDENT'S POPULARITY.

THE CURIOUS feature of that third-term talk was the general readiness to take it seriously under circumstances so discouraging. Not only did Senator Depew begin it, but his sole supporter was an Ohio Congressman whose notorious infirmity it is that words always "go to his head." Yet these two irresponsible chatterers made the country and the President himself give them earnest attention. We suspect the secret of it is in President McKinley's extraordinary popularity. To a very large number of people the suggestion of his name for a third term did not appear sensational. The times and his behavior through them since 1896 would probably have brought him nearer to the possibility of a third term, if such a possibility existed, than any other has come since our first President. His political opponents were quick to recognize this hold which he has upon the people, and they could not rest until he had declared himself. We know of no other republican whose possible third term ambitions could have excited anything but their derision. It is a high tribute to the President's worth that the circumstances called so unmistakably for a statement such as he issued. And a still higher tribute goes to him from the implicit acceptance of that statement by his political foes and friends alike.

AS TO CERTAIN IMPOSTORS.

IT IS OFTEN discovered of the professional beggar that not only his infirmity, but his poverty, is sham. He is n't blind, lame, paralyzed or whatever he pretends to be; and he pays taxes on a block or so of tenements, living, outside of business hours, like a prosperous landlord. His exposure always irritates the best of us. If he were really blind, yet secretly prosperous, the sympathetic might perhaps excuse the half-fraud, contending that he had earned his competence honestly and deserved it. Or, if he were really about to starve and could avert that fate only by feigning blindness, some excuse might still be managed for him by ingenious charitables. But to be false in both seemings puts him out of court. The ship-subsidy beggars have been disclosed in an effort to perpetrate just this same double-ended fraud. They pretend to be cripples and pretend to be poor. If either pretension were true their attitude would be less vicious. Both pretensions being notoriously false, it is not easy to imagine a more impudent display of chicanery. That the American shipbuilder is not only able to compete with the world, but that he is already doing so to his own vast and increasing profit, are items of exceeding interest to be gleaned from the usually dry reports of the Bureau of Navigation. In the fiscal year 1898, for example, he built ships to the extent of 180,458 tons. In 1899 he rose to 300,038 tons. In 1900 his figure was 393,790 tons; and for the current fiscal year the number will exceed 410,000 tons. These increases from year to year mean many things about our markets and our ever-growing surplus of raw and made-up stuff; but, to the point in hand, their very definite meaning is that the American shipbuilder is abundantly quick and able-handed to feed himself from the dish that is set before him.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

"ALL THE army news of the day has a very disagreeable way of running to the discovery of fresh frauds somewhere or other."—Editorial in *New York Evening Post*.

Of course, of course! No reader of the *Post* can have failed to observe it. Not one of them can longer believe that the United States Army is anything but a band of thieves and embezzlers. To the *Post*, also, must go credit for explaining this marked, regrettable and truly amazing degeneracy. "What is the explanation?" asks the *Post*, and answers itself: "Is it that a war in which the commercial note

was sounded so loudly had a more than usually demoralizing effect upon the men engaged in it?" Of course it is! The *Post's* affected incertitude is modest but transparent. Of course it is just that! Since the beginning of hostilities with Spain this government has been wicked enough to corrupt two or three armies the size of ours. Small wonder that "all the army news of the day" is of fresh frauds. But why this restraint in the *Post*? How can it pretend to ignore the full extent of the corruption? We see it everywhere. More bank officials and clerks than soldiers have proved defaulters in the last six months, from which we see that "all the banking news of the day runs to the discovery of fresh frauds." A great many ministers of the gospel have lately been found out in various sins, from which, by the *Post's* admirable method, we deduce that "all the Church news of the day runs to the discovery of fresh frauds." In fact, a cursory glance through this week's *Police Gazette* shows that all classes are cutting loose from restraint, from which it is plain that "all the social news of the day runs," etc. It is awful! And we have just learned that the cashier of a daily newspaper in the West has absconded with a large sum of money. Can it be that "all the newspaper news of the day" is going bad, too? With such a failure of a world we are reduced to suspecting either the Creator's omnipotence or the *Post's* method of establishing premises.

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

KELLY.—Oi see they 're goin' t' hov a hull wake of Oirish spoor-rts at th' Pan-Amirycan Exposition.

KENNY.—A hull wake? Troth, thot 's too good to be thue.

KELLY.—Phwy?

KENNY.—Shure, it 's tin t' wan th' police 'll intherfere before th' fur-rst day is over.

A JOURNALISTIC SKIRMISH.

REPORTER OF THE DAILY WHOOP.—The *Whoop* was n't taken in by that fake report.

REPORTER OF THE DAILY SCOOP.—Of course not! The *Whoop* did n't hear of the matter at all until we published the denial.

THE USUAL THING.

FARMER HONK.—Your niece, that 's just graduated from the academy, does fancy-work most of the time, don't she?

FARMER FLINTROCK.—Yes; an' she don't fancy work none of the time.



WORSE YET.

CASEY.—Oireland should be ruled by the Oirish!

DOLAN.—Tush man! Oireland hoz troubles enough now!



THE "FAKE"

UNCLE SAM. — You are already building up a monopoly w



"FAKE" BEGGARS.

up a monopoly without help; — why should I pay you a subsidy?

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PUCK

A SUGGESTION TO STAGE-SMITHS.

WHENEVER a Shakspearean revival is billed anywhere, a large percentage of the contiguous citizens declare that it should be encouraged and a small percentage do encourage it by buying seats if unable to procure passes. Nobody wastes any sympathy on the burlesque show; yet the same waxeth apace and flourisheth, while the Shakspearean production does about as poor a business as a Mormon missionary laboring in a Calvinistic community during flytime.

We all want our children to see Shakspeare, but we are willing to relegate the pleasure of taking them to their mothers, and their mothers would rather take them to the Sunday-school circuit vaudeville. Why is this? The fact is that Shakspeare needs to be revamped, steamed and pressed, and hemstitched on the bias.

Of course, this might be accomplished in a measure by having *Hamlet* and *Horatio* do a "barbarous brother" act, and *Ophelia* could interpolate any number of popular rag-time songs without raising any doubts as to her insanity. But mere interpolations are not sufficient. The main thing is to go over the dialogue with a white-wash brush and mop a little modern color athwart it. For instance, in the trial scene of the "*Merchant of Venice*":

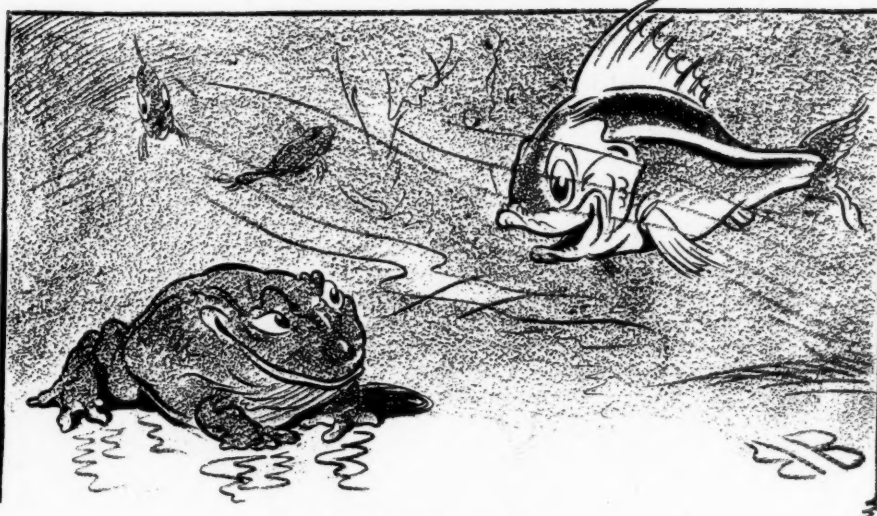
PORTIA.— Did'st not allude to Mr. Antonio, the
merchant,
In terms removed from complimen-
tary, O Jew?
Saying he held stocks in corporations,
trusts,
That he did bolt the Chicago-platform
ticket—
Did'st not e'en berate him as an end-
seat hog?

SHYLOCK.—That's what I done, great Judge, ay,
marry!

PORTIA.— Yet thou would'st touch this end-seat
hog
For pelf to th' amount of three thou-
sand simoleons?

SHYLOCK.—I would'st, barring the usual trade discount.

PORTIA.— And doth not thy strict tenets, aye,
 Thy touching pork, lest thou be haled
 before.
 A New York tribunal and tried for
 heresy?



METAMORPHOSED.

THE FISH.—Really, I don't remember seeing you before.

THE FROG.—Well, I suppose I've changed a good deal. I'm an ex-tadpole.

SHYLOCK.—Can'st wager thy natural existence they do.

PORTIA.— Then get thee gone to Hester Street. Git out!

(Turning to the bystanders.)

Seigniors, can't tell me of the base-ball score?

The incidental poetry need not be neglected.
For example:

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have ye heard that told —
Had Wellington never left the fold,
No bigger vote would we have polled.

Use the above ideas in connection with the proper proportions of pile-drivers, buzz-saws, tanks, locomotives, avalanches, squirt-guns, slapsticks and stuffed clubs; an adequate assortment of the "merry, merry," and a sprinkling of the "Si Boshjosh" school, and the result will be in evidence at the box-office.

W. S. Adkins.

AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.



MR. SEERS.—Good gracious! I am tired.
Guess I will sit down a while.



II.
 "Not a bench in sight, but I am all right with this little invention of mine.



III.

“ ——— ! ——— ! ——— ! ——— ! ——— ! ——— !



IV.
"Ah! There you are; light, airy and comfortable!"

PUCK

A CRUSHING REBUKE.

The usual crowd of rubbernecks had gathered about the balky automobile and the irate owner was forced to listen to the following:

FIRST RUBBERNECK.—Wheels not oiled enough, I guess.

SECOND DO.—Looks to me as if the tires were blown up too hard.

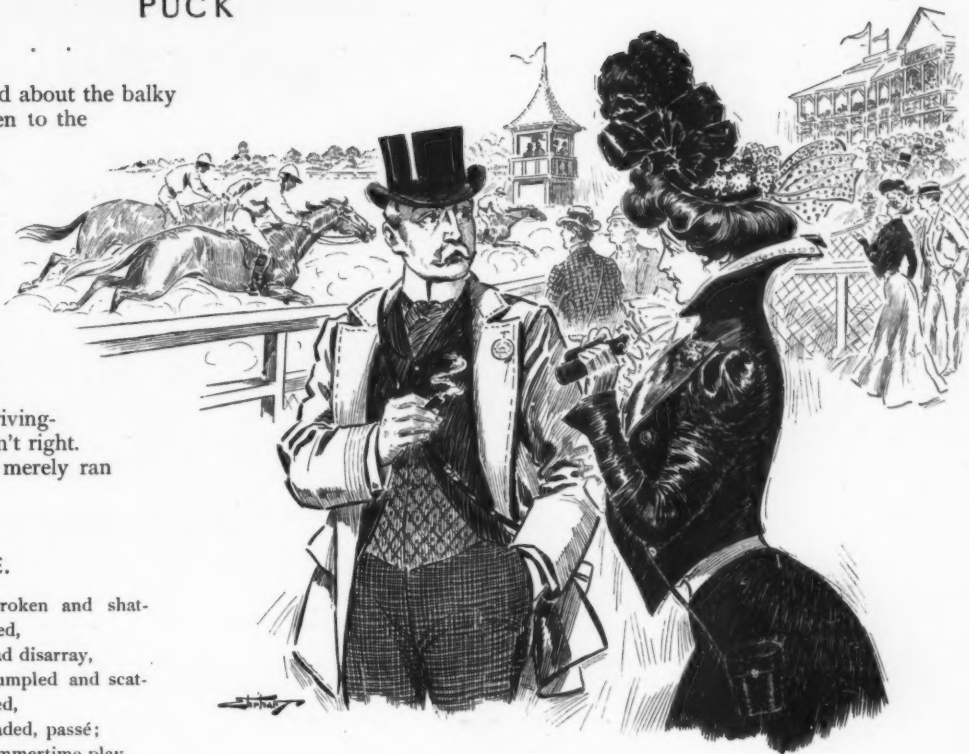
THIRD DO.—Push it along for a block and then try it.

FOURTH DO.—Ha! Ha! There's yer hoss-less carriage for ye! Ha! Ha! Ha!

FIFTH DO.—Nothing but a hot-box;—smelt it as I came along.

SIXTH DO.—Chain sometimes buckles on the driving-sprockett. Take a look underneath and see if I ain't right.

THE OWNER.—Guess again, gentlemen! I merely ran short of gasoline.



AT THE TRACK.

HE.—Yes, it *is* fascinating.

SHE.—Is n't it? You would n't think losing money *could* be so fascinating!

GREAT DAMAGE.

"What is the matter with the mar? Has he broken his cleek?"

"Yes; and now he is breaking the third commandment."

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, what is a Prohibitionist?

MR. CALLIPERS.—A Prohibitionist, my son, is a person who would rather quarrel over temperance than to do anything to help bring it about.

WE NEVER realize how much we hate interruptions until we hear the voice of conscience.



A REWARD OF ABSTINENCE.

FIRST GOURMAND.—I suppose we all eat too much.

SECOND GOURMAND.—No doubt of it. If we'd eat less we'd have better appetites.

LOVE'S RUMMAGE SALE.



PROMISES broken and shattered,

Tokens in sad disarray,
Letters all crumpled and scattered,

Flirtations faded, passé;
Relics of Summertime play,

Roses all wilted and stale,
Idols shorn down to the clay —
This is Love's Rummage Sale!

Hearts that are twisted and battered,

Fans that were thick in the fray,

Slippers that glided and pattered,
Gloves to forgetfulness prey;

Bachelors sunk in decay,
Elderly maids that bewail,

Vanity, pride and display —
This is Love's Rummage Sale!

Meaningless words that have flattered,

Trinkets and rings thrown away,

Vows that are shop-worn and tattered,

Courtships that lasted a day;
Cab bills one never can pay,

Weddings that did not prevail,
Jealousy, scorn and dismay —
This is Love's Rummage Sale!

L'ENVOI.

Princess, has't turned up your way
The heart that your glance did impale?
Buy it, 't is cheap enough! Aye,
This is Love's Rummage Sale!

Harold MacGrath.

ABSTRUSE.

"Faugh!" sneered the Modern Woman. "The mere mother of children!"

We spoke of the command to go forth and multiply.

"Ah! But the strong and confident soul aspires to something more abstruse than simple multiplication!" exclaimed she, with glowing eyes.

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

MAMA.—What, Johnny! Your eye is swollen, and your nose bloody! Have you been fighting again?

LITTLE JOHNNY.—No'm;—been fit!

[T 'S THE busy mouth that makes the busybody, as things go.

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"Indeed? Perhaps she is too fond of acting as pacemaker."

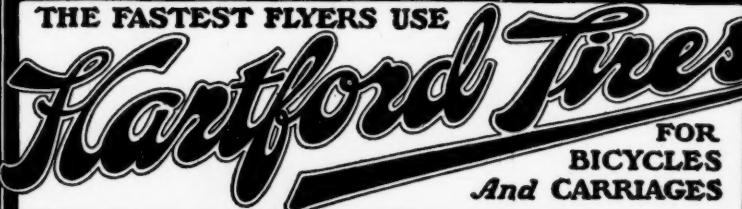
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"Say!" remarked the transient guest at the Grand Arizona Hotel. "Have
n't you any napkins around here?"
"Napkins? Napkins?" mumbled the waiter, in a puzzled way. "Oh!
You're a detective, ain't yer? I reckon you mean kidnappers, don't yer?" —
Catholic Standard and Times.

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that? Why, he'd walk right out into
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that they live in the coal-mine of their
investigations and call their candle the
sun. — *Ram's Horn*.

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To BE married in May is generally considered unlucky; but it's mighty lucky in after-years to have something to blame for it.—*Denver Times.*

ANOTHER VOICE OF COMPLAINT.

"Yes," said the West Point cadet; "the cruelty we all have to put up with at the Academy is something unspeakable."

"What is the trouble now?" asked the sympathetic parent.

"They won't let us haze one another any more."—*Washington Star.*



VERY WEARING.

FIRST COP.—These reformers be making us lots av throuble!

SECOND COP.—They be that! Whoi, whin we see a mon looking for a "joint" nowadays we don't know whither to show him or club him!

Fortify yourself against sickness by keeping the stomach in good shape with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

The people who look as if they had "hidden sorrows," cease to be interesting upon further acquaintance, for the reason that they dig them up for you.
—*Atchison Globe.*

THE LAST RESORT.

CLARA.—He was heartbroken, desperate, and ready for anything when I rejected him.

MAUDE.—What did he do?

CLARA.—He said he was going to see you.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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PERHAPS the reason the preacher is the better man is that he wears his Sunday clothes all the week.—*Ram's Horn*.

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"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London)*, Aug. 1899.

**MARTELL'S
THREE STAR
BRANDY**

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

SOME Christians break up the Rock of Ages to fling the pieces at one another.—*Ram's Horn*.

THE PANGS OF CONSCIENCE.

"Bellington is a queer fellow. He asked me the other day for half-a-dollar."

"What did he want it for?"

"He said he beat the government out of fifty cents a good many years ago and he wanted to send it to the conscience fund." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

It would be shocking to think that our neighbors had as poor an opinion of us as we have of them.—*Indianapolis News*.

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NEEDED BREAKING IN.

PERCY.—Your father seems to have a grudge against me.

EDITH.—Have patience, dear! He acted the same towards finger-bowls at first.

RESTRAINT.

Ef people only would n't laugh,
They's lots o' things I'd do.
Of fun I don't get more 'n half
What I'm entitled to.
When Springtime comes I feel jes' like
A colt that ain't been broke —
I'd gallop, too—but it 'ud strike
The neighbors as a joke.

I'd like to climb the maple tree,
Where birds bestow their care.
I'm downright curious to see
What they are buildin' there.
I'd like to wander off some day
An' walk fur miles an' miles,
Or join the children in their play
When sunny April smiles.

I'd like to go barefooted, to
The brook that chatters bold,
An' stick my toe in an' say, "Whooh!
But ain't that water cold!"
I'd imitate each bird that thrills,
I'd holler an' I'd chaff,
Forgetful of life's sordid ills,
Ef people would n't laugh.

—*Washington Star*.

A TIMELY QUERY.

"Dr. Prinzing says that marriage prolongs life."

"How about the Mormons?" —
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DIPLOMACY.

"What have you done about that supposed Nihilist?" inquired the Czar.
"I told him, Your Majesty," replied the Chief of Police, "that if he did not leave the country in twenty-four hours, we would consider him guilty and execute him."

"What! Such leniency is—"

"Pardon me Your Majesty! I have made it absolutely impossible for him to secure a passport, and he can not leave without one." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

THE ENGLISH WAY.

"It is claimed that the members of the London city council have to pay their own expenses when they go on junketing trips."

"Good gracious! I wonder what an American city council would do under those conditions?"

"I know what they would n't do."

"What's that?"

"Junket." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

MICROBIAN HUMOR.

FIRST MICROBE.—Have you ever gone up against any of these microbe killers the doctors are talking about?

SECOND MICROBE.—Lots of them.

FIRST MICROBE.—Are n't you afraid?

SECOND MICROBE.—Afraid, nothing! Why, I'm a microbe-killer killer, I am! — *Detroit Free Press*.

APPROPRIATE.

"This," said the inventor, "is my new dredger for river and harbor work."
"Ah!" replied the capitalist. "I observe you call it the 'Politician.' Your idea in that, I suppose, is to court favor with the powers that be?"

"No; I call it the 'Politician' simply because it throws mud." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

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Life's a journey,
Not so long,
Try to ease it
With a song.
Birds, though busy
On the wing,
Pause a little
While they sing.
Music soft
The traveler hears
If he does n't
Close his ears.
Teeming Nature
Still finds room
For the fragile
Flow'rets bloom.
Loveliness
The traveler spies
If he does n't
Close his eyes.
—*Washington Star.*

As a rule, the only letters interesting enough to read are those that should never have been written. — *Atchison Globe.*

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THE WIFE. — If this scandal in the family is going to make any difference in our social position, it will be more than I can bear.
CHICAGO MIL-
LIONAIRE. — Don't let that worry you a bit. If it does, we'll move to New York.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

JOSH'S FUTURE.
"I guess mebbe Josh is goin' to be a great financier, an' git money by his brains," remarked Farmer Cornloss.
"Does he take such an interest in commercial affairs?"
"No. But he's got to get a livin' somehow. An' he jes' won't work!"
—*Washington Star.*

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A WOMAN'S idea of art is to make a dinner so elaborate that the guests will not know how to eat it. — *Atchison Globe.*

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FLANNIGAN.—They will! He was the only mon in the war-rd that everybody could lick!

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The Pennsylvania Railroad 1901 Summer Excursion Route Book.

On June 1 the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will publish the 1901 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal Summer resorts of Eastern America, with the best routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts of the East, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of Summer travel ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

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